

No. 10
m/c
A N
E L E G Y

On the DEATH of

Godfrey Bagnall Clarke, Esq;

(Late One of the

REPRESENTATIVES in PARLIAMENT

Of the COUNTY of DERBY;

Who died Dec. 26th, 1774.

Vultum verba decent.

Tristia mæstum

HOR. Ep. ad Pis.

CHESTERFIELD;

Printed for J. BRADLEY; T. TRIMER at DERBY; And
J. GREGORY at LEICESTER; Price 1s.

Advertisement,

THE Writer of the following ELEGY
having printed only a few Copies to
give to the *particular* Friends of the *deceas'd*,
has *at my Request* obligingly indulg'd me
with the Liberty of reprinting it to gra-
tify many of Mr. CLARKE's *Constituents*
who have express'd a Solicitude to pre-
serve every Testimony in Memory of
their late very amiable and worthy
Representative,

Job Bradley.



E L E G Y
ON THE DEATH OF
GODFREY BAGNALL CLARKE, *Esq.*

H A R K ! whence that Groan !--- that hollow hideous Groan ! ---
And whence that Shriek !--- and why those streaming Eyes ?---
Oh ! that contagious Voice of murmuring Moan
Tells to my sick'ning Ear GODFREDO dies !

Heard ye not, Muse, the deep-drawn Sigh of Death ?
Nor saw, with Terror, Fate's up-lifted Steel,
That clos'd those Lips which quiv'ring gasp'd for Breath ;
Nor felt an Anguish such as Sister's feel ?

Comes not *Melpomene* with shrowded Face,
Furrowing her woe-worn Cheek with piteous Tear ?
Moves not the Goddess in the silent Pace
That slowly solemn tends GODFREDO's Bier ?-----

Where now is G R A Y, whose once melodious Breath
Knew to lament each hard, each wayward Lot ?
Alas ! he wanders in the Vale of Death,
Himself as yet unsung---- tho' unforget !

And where is M--f--n, whose reluctant Strain
Mellifluous charms the Ear, and cheats our Woe ?
Has P O P E alone inspir'd him to complain,
And will he every *humbler* Theme forego ?

Alas ! he builds a monumental Pile

To *Mates* hov'ring o'er his blooming Bay ;

Already sunk in elegiac Style,

M--s--n is wrapt in his beloved *Gray* † !

Where then is *M---d---y* § ? --- Erst *he* woo'd the Muse,

Who many a pleasing Infant to him bore :

And will he now, (Ingrate !) her Suit refuse ?

His choicest Friend *GOFFREDO* is no more

Grief that compels the starting Tear to flow,

Forbids the Muse to string her votive Lyre :

Broods o'er the Theme in silent moping Woe ;

And damps each Spark of sympathetic Fire.

Let *venal* Bards attend the *titled* Gate :

The prostituted Lyre is daily strung

To hymn the Praises of some Wretch of State ;

While sterling *Merit* ever dies unsung.

Flattering, unwelcome Office, thou art mine,

To wake the Sigh too often heav'd before :

Peace to the Voice of Vanity ;---- Thy Shrine,

Oh modest Friendship, let me thus adore.

Weak, and ill-lettered in the School of Rhyme,

Forgive, *GOFFREDO*, this the rude Essay :

My Verse perhaps may ripen to a Crime-----

But hush'd is every more harmonious Lay.

† Mr. *M--f--n* is now preparing for the Press a beautiful Edition of Mr. *Gray's* Works, with his Life prefixed.

§ *F. N. C. M--d--y* of *M--t--n* in Derbyshire, Esq ; who a few Years ago printed some Poems---- *Sibi et Amicis*.

'Tis not enough to shed a partial Tear,
To lift the Hand in piteous Sign !-- Ah no !
'Tis not enough to deck the 'scutcheon'd Bier ;
Or, wear the Habit of external Woe !

Let us who lov'd GOFFREDO weep indeed,
And seek from friendly Tears some sweet Relief ;
The outward Garb but mocks the inward Weed ;
Tears such as *ours* proclaim a widow'd Grief.

THE vernal Sun mov'd up-hill on his Round
When all was jocund, lively, blithe, and gay ;
When *old* GOFFREDO * hail'd each Guest he found,
Cheer'd and adorn'd the happy festive Day.

Near him the *young* GOFFREDO sat :--- the Son
Spoke all the Father's Heart ; and in his Face
Native, unbidden, manly Goodness shone
With Smiles serene, and emulative Grace.

How oft, untaught by Folly's idle Tale,
Have † MIRA's artless Charms wak'd every Sense :
But modest Truth unwilling drops the Veil----
Praise to her Ear must ever give Offence.

One fatal Day, with destin'd Mirth prepar'd,
The Table deck'd which friendly Cheer had stor'd,
E'er the Host's Banquet *old* GOFFREDO shar'd

Death snatch'd his Victim from th'expecting board ‡ !

* Godfrey Clarke, Esq; late of Sutton in Derbyshire, and the Father of G. B. Clarke, Esq;

† Miss Cl----

‡ Mr. Clarke (the Father) was taken ill in his Coach as he was going to dine at a Friend's House, Mar. 30, 1774, and died that Night, to the great Concern of all who had the Happiness of his Acquaintance.-- To such it need not be told that to the most amiable and refined Manners, he added the most unbounded Charity and Benevolence.

GOFFREDO died:----- and with him seem'd to fall,

Fair *Charity*, who fear'd to rise no more :

In vain the wretched baffle'd Hunger's Call,

And Tears, unshed till now, bedew'd the Door :

The Matron heard the dying Groan ;---- oppress'd

She sunk beneath the fatal Sound :----- Anon

She clasp'd the Suckling closer to her Breast ;

And sighing cry'd, ----- Alas ! ---- GOFFREDO's gone !

Sobbing with Grief (to stem the rising Fears)

The well-known hospitable Genius came :

Be comforted, wipe off those needless Tears,

GOFFREDO lives---- *another* and the *same*.

Yes, he *did* live : --- stamp'd with the Father's Soul,

He cloath'd the *naked*, and he fed the *poor*,

The trickling Tears of Want forbid to roll ;

And Alms *unask'd* flow'd plenteous from his Door.

Yes, he *did* live to win impartial Eyes ;

To please---- unknowing whence he learnt to charm :

First of the foremost ever seen to rise,

He warm'd all Hearts, ----- his own for ever warm.

Unstudied *Grace* adorn'd his easy Mien,

With *Taste* refin'd in every gentler Art :

His *Eye* spoke sweet Benignity within ;

His Tongue untutor'd never wrong'd his *Heart*.

Why is the painful *Rest* consign'd to me?

Oh, my GOFFREDO, honest Tears *will* flow!

Why blush to weep an honour'd Friend like thee? -----

I *must* enjoy this Luxury of Woe!

Who knew GOFFREDO uninspir'd with Love?

Who saw the fading Cheek but heav'd a Sigh.

Left Heav'n's Behest descending from above,

Should drag him hence-----to plant him in the Sky?

Each coward Friend with palsied Lips enquir'd,

And trembling vow'd the victim'd Life to save:

'Twas hard to tell who wish'd, who most desir'd

To snatch GOFFREDO from th'expecting Grave:

Unequal Bodings tantaliz'd our Pain;

Tidings anon the former Tale belied:

We fear'd --- we hop'd --- despair'd --- and hop'd again:

'Twas Mockery all: --- Alas! he groan'd --- and died---

Ah! what avails the lofty gilded Roof; ---

The stately Turret --- or the lordly Dome?

So quickly chang'd, Alas! (*unwelcome Proof!*)

For the dank Dungeon of the murky Tomb!

HOW oft, *Cecilia* †, thy enchanting Powers

Wrapt me in fond tumultuous Scenes of Joy!

How oft I lov'd --- *enjoy'd* the lengthen'd Hours!

GOFFREDO's Notes were too refin'd to cloy.

† Mr. G. B. Clarke was not only a Lover and Patron of Music, but one of the most elegant and accomplished Performers.

No more, no more the wailing Tones I hear

Ye Sons of Harmony, the strains of

Forbear! — those once loved Sounds offend mine Ears

Weep Ye the Patron — I lament the Friend

With down-cast Eye fix'd on unband'd Feet,

Come, cypress'd Dirge, with Notes long drawn and low

Let hooded Drums the measur'd Strokes repeat,

And frantic *Discord* howl the Song of Woe

He hears not now soft Music's dulcet Lays,

Cold is the Hand that swept th'according String!

Save that, I ween, in bursting Peals of Praise

He choirs above when chosen Seraphs sing.

Eight Moons had wand' since the her Course begun

Who saw the *Sire* with pious Care inhum'd;

The ninth mid wailing Friends beheld the Son

Fall by the *Sire* in clay-cold Chamber Tomb'd!

Where was thy balm'd Hand, Oh Medicine? — Lost?

No: for thou gav'st thy best, thy warmest Aid;

Go, *Death*; — enjoy thy *second* Grip: — and boast

A Triumph — greater than thou long hast made.

